

KONAMI

OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK



ISSUE #2
\$3.99

TACTICAL ESPIONAGE ACTION
METAL GEAR SOLID
SONS OF LIBERTY



Written by
ALEX GARNER
Artwork by
ASHLEY WOOD

ASHLEY WOOD COVER

\$3.99 U.S. • \$4.85 CAN • NOVEMBER '05

00211



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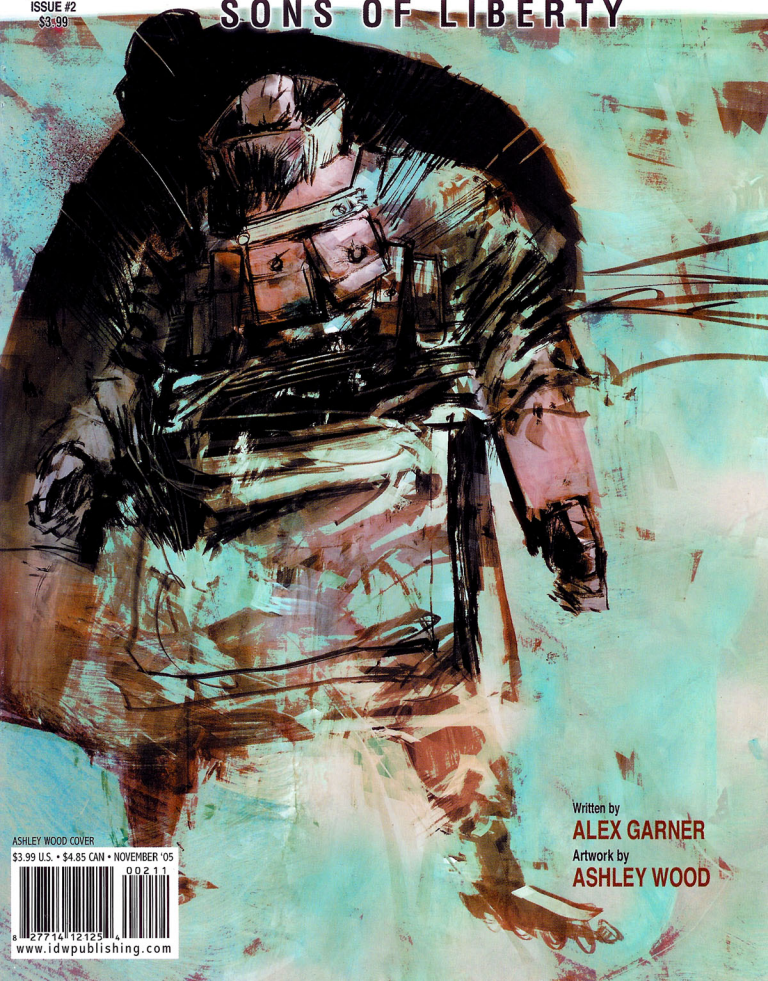


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YOU
HAVE TO
GET TO THE
PRESIDENT,
RAIDEN!



NIIEEAAAAGH!!

BRING
HIM DOWN!
BRING HIM
DOWN!

HE'S TOO
FAST! I CAN'T
GE-HKK!



I'VE LOST
COMMUNICATIONS
WITH SEAL TEAM
ALPHA...



BIAM
BIAM
BIAM

URK!



YOU'RE INTERRUPTING MY MIDDAY SNACK.

AM I GOING TO HAVE TO TEACH YOU MANNERS AS WELL?

OH, DON'T YOU WORRY YOUR LITTLE HEAD ABOUT HIM.

HE'S SAFELY TUCKED AWAY.

WHERE'S THE PRESIDENT?



NOW,
LET'S SEE...

HOW MANY
WILL IT BE
TODAY?



FIVE?

OR WILL
IT BE SIX?



STAND
DOWN OR
YOU'RE
DEAD!

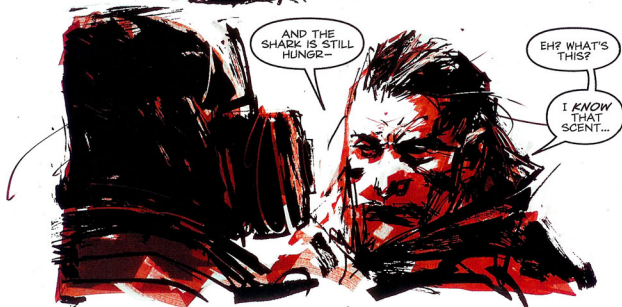
TOO LATE
FOR THAT,
BOY...

Freeze!







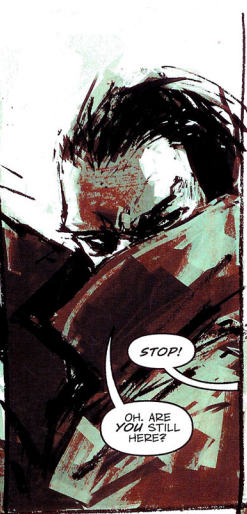




HMM.
INTERESTING
THAT *YOU*
WOULD TURN UP
HERE...

NNNNRRGH!

...BUT
NOT ENTIRELY
UNEXPECTED.



STOP!

OH. ARE
YOU STILL
HERE?



LET
HIM GO
NOW!

SO,
YOU WANT
THIS FOOL,
DO YOU?



THEN
TAKE HIM!



KOFF!
SHOOT HIM!
NOW!



HE'S...
GONE!

HOLD ON.
HOLD ON... I'M
A TEAM GUY.
CALM DOWN.

MY NAME
IS *PLISKIN*.
TROQUOIS
PLISKIN.
LIEUTENANT
JUNIOR
GRADE.

I'M
RAIDEN.

YOU'RE A
NAVY SEAL? YOU
LOOK FAMILIAR.
HAVEN'T I SEEN
YOU BEFORE?

I DOUBT
IT. THAT SKULL
SUIT. YOU
FOXHOUND?

7

PH
M-1

I'M AFRAID I
CAN'T ANSWER
THAT.

FOXHOUND
DISBANDED
FOUR YEARS AGO,
YOU KNOW.

REALLY

THAT
FACT?

YEP.

FIELD?
WELL, NO...
NOT
REALLY.

VR, HUH?
A VIRTUAL GRUNT
FOR THE DIGITAL
AGE. THAT'S JUST
GREAT.

FRESH
MEAT FOR
THE GRINDER,
INDEED...

YOU GOT ANY
FIELD EXPERIENCE,
GREEN BEAN?

BUT HEY,
I'M *NOT*
GREEN. I'VE
HAD EXTENSIVE
VR TRAINING.

VAMP? IT'S FORTUNE.

YES, QUEEN?

ARE YOU ALL DONE CLEANING UP?

YES. WELL, ACTUALLY NO. NOT COMPLETELY. SEAL TEAM ALPHA HAS BEEN DISPOSED OF, BUT...

TWO MEN ESCAPED, ONE OF WHOM I THINK YOU'LL TAKE PARTICULAR INTEREST IN.

AND WHAT COULD POSSIBLY INTEREST ME ABOUT NAVY SEAL?

HAVE A SEAT, MR. PRESIDENT.

BECAUSE, MY QUEEN, THIS "SEAL" JUST SO HAPPENS TO BE THE VERY SAME MAN WHO MURDERED GENERAL SCOTT DOLPH.

QUEEN?

I HEARD YOU. ARE YOU ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN IT'S HIM?

OF COURSE! I'D KNOW HIS SCENT ANYWHERE.

YES? WHAT IS IT?

UNFF!

HE'S ALIVE AND WELL, RUNNING LOOSE ON BIG SHELL.

GOOD. I WILL ELIMINATE SEAL TEAM BRAVO, AS ORDERED.

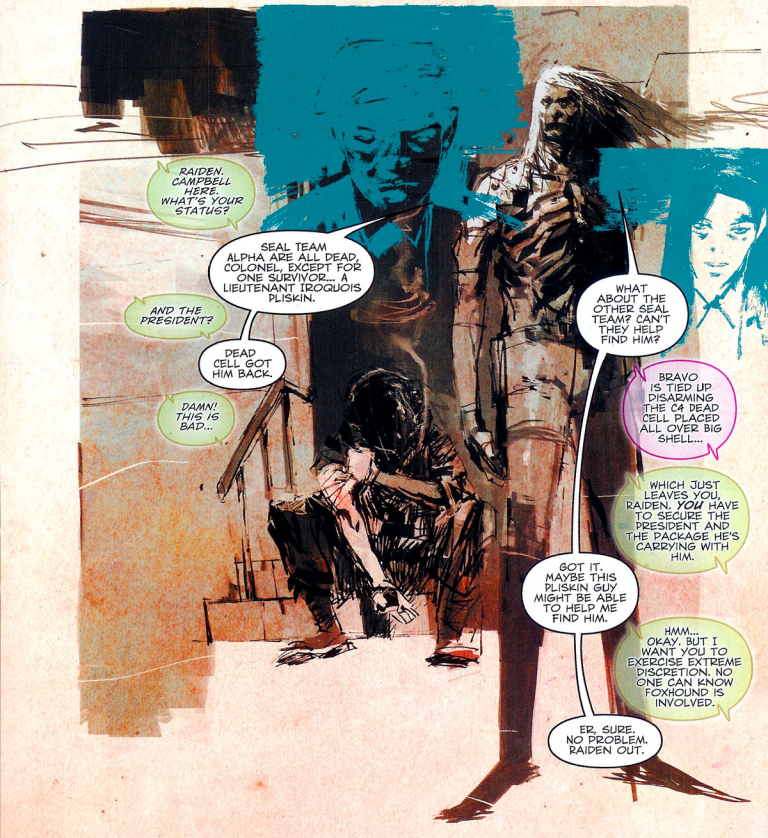
BUT AFTER THAT, I WILL NOT STOP UNTIL I FIND AND KILL HIM...

...THE SON OF A BITCH WHO MURDERED MY FATHER!



HEY
LIEUTENANT,
SHOULDN'T YOU
BE CONTACTING
BRAVO? THEY
MIGHT WANT TO
KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENED
HERE.

HANG ON,
KID. I THINK I
LOST A FEW
PINTS OF BLOOD
HERE.



RAIDEN.
CAMPBELL
HERE.
WHAT'S YOUR
STATUS?

AND THE
PRESIDENT?

DEAD
CELL GOT
HIM BACK.

DAMN!
THIS IS
BAD...

SEAL TEAM
ALPHA ARE ALL DEAD,
COLONEL, EXCEPT FOR
ONE SURVIVOR... A
LIEUTENANT TROGLOIS
PLISKIN.

WHAT
ABOUT THE
OTHER SEAL
TEAM? CAN'T
THEY HELP
FIND HIM?

BRAVO
IS TIED UP
DISARMING
THE CA DEAD
CELL PLACED
ALL OVER BIG
SHELL...

WHICH JUST
LEAVES YOU,
RAIDEN. YOU HAVE
TO SECURE THE
PRESIDENT AND
THE PACKAGE HE'S
CARRYING WITH
HIM.

GOT IT.
MAYBE THIS
PLISKIN GUY
MIGHT BE ABLE
TO HELP ME
FIND HIM.

HMM...
OKAY. BUT I
WANT YOU TO
EXERCISE EXTREME
DISCRETION. NO
ONE CAN KNOW
FOXHOUND IS
INVOLVED.

ER. SURE.
NO PROBLEM.
RAIDEN OUT.



SO, WHO
WAS THAT
BLOODSUCKING
FREAK THAT
KICKED OUR
COLLECTIVE
ASS?

HIM?
THAT WAS
VAMP.

"THE WAY HE MOVED...
DIDN'T SEEM HUMAN."

"HE'S A CARD-CARRYING
MEMBER OF DEAD CELL."

"DEAD CELL..."

"SPECIAL FORCES
ANTI-TERRORIST
UNIT CREATED BY
EX-PRESIDENT
GEORGE SEARS.
THEY WERE GOOD
AT WHAT THEY DID.
SOME WOULD SAY
THE BEST."

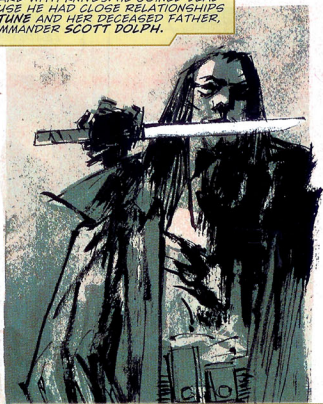
"BUT AROUND THE
TIME THEIR ORIGINAL
COMMANDER DIED,
THE UNIT BEGAN TO
UNRAVEL. THEY
WERE ALWAYS CLOSE
TO THE EDGE, BUT
WITHOUT PROPER
LEADERSHIP, THEY
BECAME MORE AND
MORE EXTREME.
THEY BEGAN TO GO
AFTER U.S. ALLIES,
EVEN CIVILIANS."

"THEY WERE OUT
OF CONTROL
AND IT ALL CAME
TO A HEAD SIX
MONTHS AGO."

"WHAT HAPPENED?"

"THE UNIT WAS DEVASTATED. THERE ARE ONLY THREE LEFT NOW, AND YOU JUST SAW ONE OF THEM.

"VAMP IS A REAL MYSTERY. HE'S ROMANIAN, AND A WIZARD WITH KNIVES. HE JOINED DEAD CELL BECAUSE HE HAD CLOSE RELATIONSHIPS WITH FORTUNE AND HER DECEASED FATHER, MARINE COMMANDER SCOTT DOLPH.



"NO ONE KNOWS THE SOURCE OF HIS POWERS OR HOW HE CHEATS DEATH TIME AND TIME AGAIN, BUT OBVIOUSLY HE'S VERY DANGEROUS. NOT TO BE UNDERESTIMATED, AS WE'VE SEEN FIRSTHAND.

"FATMAN. NOW, THIS GUY IS CERTIFIABLE.

"HE ACTUALLY CALLS HIMSELF THE 'EMPEROR OF EXPLOSIVES', JUST SO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT KIND OF WHACKED-OUT EGO TRIP WE'RE DEALING WITH HERE. HE'S SO OBSESSED ABOUT BEING KNOWN AS THE BEST, HE'LL KILL ANYONE HE PERCEIVES AS A THREAT TO HIS REPUTATION.



"FORTUNE IS HELENA DOLPH JACKSON, ALSO KNOWN AS LADY LUCK. IRONIC NAME FOR SOMEONE SURROUNDED BY SO MUCH TRAGEDY. SHE LOST HER ENTIRE FAMILY TO VARIOUS CATASTROPHES AND BLAMES HERSELF FOR ALL OF THEM. OR, MORE LIKELY, SHE BLAMES HER FREAK LUCK.

"SHE SEEMS TO HAVE SOME SORT OF UNCONTROLLABLE PSYCHIC ABILITY THAT MAKES HER IMMUNE TO HARM, BUT AT THE SAME TIME SEEMS TO CURSE THOSE CLOSE TO HER. PERSONALLY, I DON'T BUY ANY OF IT, BUT SHE APPARENTLY BELIEVES IT TO THE POINT THAT IT'S REALLY SCREWED WITH HER HEAD, GIVING HER SOME KIND OF DEATH WISH.

"DEAD CELL'S ORIGINAL COMMANDER, REGINALD JACKSON, WAS HER HUSBAND. SHE TOOK CONTROL OF THE UNIT SOON AFTER HIS SUICIDE AND HER FATHER'S MURDER.



"FATMAN IS A GENIUS, NO QUESTION, BUT HE'S ALSO PARANOID, NARCISSISTIC, AND SADISTIC. WHICH, FOR AN EXPLOSIVES EXPERT, MAKES FOR ONE HELL OF A DANGEROUS AND UNPREDICTABLE ADVERSARY. IN FACT, THERE'S BEEN LONG-STANDING DEBATE AS TO WHETHER HE'S EVEN SANE AT ALL ANYMORE."

OKAAAY...
THAT'S QUITE
A COLLECTION
OF DISTURBED
FREAKS YOU
HAVE THERE.

SO WHY
WOULD DEAD
CELL HIJACK BIG
SHELL? WHAT'S
THEIR ANGLE?

HOW
SHOULD I
KNOW? LIKE I
SAID, THEY'RE
WAY OUT ON
THE LUNATIC
FRINGE.

HOW
ABOUT THE
LEADER?
THEY SAY
HE'S... ER...

THAT'S **BUNK**.
SNAKE **DIED** IN THE
TANKER INCIDENT. HIS
BODY WAS POSITIVELY
ID'D **TWO YEARS**
AGO.

HOW DO
YOU NOT
KNOW ANY
OF THIS?

WELL FROM
WHAT I'VE HEARD,
THE **LEADER** MIGHT
ACTUALLY BE...

WHO?
SOLID
SNAKE?

SO, LET ME GET
THIS STRAIGHT, JUNIOR.
AN ORGANIZATION THAT
NO LONGER EXISTS SENDS
YOU TO RESCUE ALL THE
HOSTAGES ON BIG SHELL, AND,
IN THE PROCESS, NEUTRALIZE
A VETERAN, HIGHLY TRAINED
TERRORIST ORGANIZATION
AND THE RUSSIAN PRIVATE
ARMY WORKING FOR
THEM.

DOESN'T
MAKE ANY
SENSE.

...

ALL THIS,
ON YOUR VERY
FIRST MISSION, BY
YOURSELF, WITHOUT
EVEN HAVING BEEN
BRIEFED ON THE
MOST BASIC
INTEL.

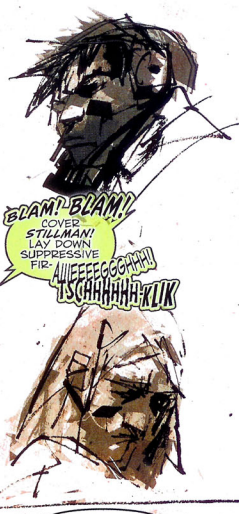
WHAT
ARE YOU
REALLY
DOING
HERE?



DAMN! SHE
SHE CAN'T BE
HIT! ALPHA,
COME IN!

AREN'T
YOU GOING
TO ANSWER
HIM?!

ALPHA!
ANYONE! COME
IN! ALPHA! THIS IS
BRAVO ZERO!
WE'RE UNDER FIRE
ON THE BC
CONNECTING
BRIDGE!



BLAM! BLAM!
COVER
STILLMAN!
LAY DOWN
SUPPRESSIVE
FIRE!
AIEEEEOOOHHH!
TSCAAAAH-KLIK

WELL?



I'D GO MYSELF,
BUT I NEED SOME
TIME TO RECUPERATE.
I LOST TOO MUCH
BLOOD.

SO, IT'S ON YOU
NOW. YOU HAVE TO
GET TO STILLMAN.
QUICKLY... MOVE HIM
SAFELY OUT OF THE
FIREFIGHT SO HE CAN
DO HIS JOB.

LOOK, KID-TIME
IS SHORT AND MY
OPTIONS ARE LIMITED,
SO I REALLY DON'T HAVE
ANY CHOICE BUT TO
TRUST YOU FOR THE
TIME BEING.

BRAVO WAS
ESCORTING A BOMB
EXPERT, ONE PETER
STILLMAN, TO DISARM
ALL THE C4 PLACED BY
FATMAN ALL OVER
BIG SHELL.

OBVIOUSLY,
THAT PLAN IS
FUBAR.



WHAT
ABOUT THE
PRESIDENT?
I HAVE
ORDERS.

KID, IF
THAT C4
BLOWS...

BRAAAAKK



"YOU, ME, THE PRESIDENT...
ALL OF MANHATTAN..."

"EVERYONE DIES."

EVERYONE
BUT ME.

SAME
OLD STORY...

CAN'T
ANYONE BREAK
THIS CURSE AND
RELEASE ME?



MUST I
ENDURE YET
ANOTHER DAY
OF MISERY?

BRAAAAKKK



MR.
STILLMAN, SIR,
I DON'T THINK
WE CAN PROTECT
YOU FOR MUCH
LONGER.

WHAT
SHOULD I
DO?

ON MY MARK, YOU
RUN FOR THE STRUT C
DINING HALL WHILE I
COVER YOU. HIDE IN THE
KITCHEN AND WE'LL TRY
TO RENDEZVOUS WITH
YOU THERE.



HERE.
TAKE MY
SIDEARM.

BUT, I'M NO
SOLDIER. WHAT
DO I DO IF...



JUST SHUT
UP AND LISTEN TO
ME, SIR. YOU HAVE A **JOB**
TO DO, AND ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER, YOU'RE GOING
TO **DO IT**. EVEN IF THAT
MEANS **ALL OUR LIVES**.
GET ME?

Y-YES.



GOOD.
NOW, GET
READY.

POLICE



STILLMAN!
GO!

BRAAAAKK

DIE,
DAMN YOU!
DIE!

BIAM
BIAM BIAM BIAM

I WISH.

BRAAAAKK

YOU'RE
THE LUCKY
ONES
TODAY.



HFF... HFF...
HFF... HUFF...
HFF...



UNFF!



D-DON'T
MOVE!

WHOA!
EASE UP
THERE,
PARDNER.

ARE
YOU PETER
STILLMAN?



WHO
ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S
RAIDEN.

I'M HERE TO
PROTECT YOU,
MR. STILLMAN. TO
ENSURE THAT YOU
DISARM FATMAN'S
EXPLOSIVES.



THANK GOD.
THAT WOMAN... SHE
WAS UNSTOPPABLE.
I'M NOT SURE IF-

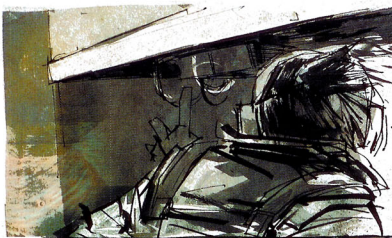
RAIDEN,
IT'S PLISKIN.

HOLD ON A
SEC, SIR. RAIDEN
HERE, PLISKIN.



I'VE FOUND
SOME OF
FATMAN'S C4.
IS STILLMAN
WITH YOU?

AFFIRMATIVE.
SAFE AND SOUND.



GOOD. I'M
GOING TO NEED
HIM TO TALK ME
THROUGH DISARMING
THESE BOMBS. BASED
OFF WHAT I'VE SEEN,
THERE'S WAY TOO
MUCH C4 ON BIG
SHELL FOR JUST
ONE MAN TO--

PHILISTINE!



HOW DARE
YOU SULLY MY
CRAFTSMANSHIP
WITH YOUR
GRUBBY, GRUBBY
HANDS!

FATMAN!

PLISKIN!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?!



NOTHING,
KID. JUST SOME
TRASH THAT
NEEDS TAKING
OUT.

NUH UNH!
I REALLY
WOULDN'T DO
THAT IF I
WERE YOU.



SO, A
MEXICAN
STANDOFF,
IS THAT IT?

OOOH,
A MEXICAN
STANDOFF.
EITHER ONE
OF US MAKES
A MOVE, WE
BOTH DIE.

I LIKE
THE SOUND
OF THAT.

ON
THREE,
SHALL WE
SAY?

AND-A-
ONE...

AND-A-
TWO...

OH NO.

AND-A...

YOU
CRAZY SON
OF A BI-



...THREE.



PLISKIN!

THAT
WAS FATMAN'S
WORK, I'M SURE
OF IT.



LOOK—
RAIDEN, IS IT?
I TRAINED
FATMAN. I KNOW
HIS TENDENCIES
INSIDE AND OUT.
WE NEED TO—

SHH!
I HEAR
SOMETHING.
SOMEONE'S
COMING...



UH-OH.

OH MY
GOD... WE'RE
TRAPPED IN
HERE!

DAMN!
NOT GOOD.
NOT GOOD.





I KNOW
YOU'RE IN HERE,
MURDERER!

SHOW
YOURSELF AND
FINISH ME! LIKE
YOU FINISHED OFF
MY FATHER!

OTHERWISE,
YOU'LL BE THE
ONE TO DIE!

To be continued...